NO. 11

BLACK HOOD

comics

SUMMER

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BLACK HOOD COMICS. Summer, 1944. Volume 1, Number 11. Published quarterly by M. L. J. Magazines, 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis, 7, Mo. Editorial offices: 241 Church Street, New York, 13, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the ...st Office at St. Louis, Mo., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entire contents copyrighted, 1944, by M. L. J. Magazines. ...y subscription, 40c in the U. S. A. Single copies 10c. No actual person is named or delineated in this fiction magazine. ... in the U. S. A. For advertising rates write DOUBLE ACTION COMIC GROUP, 241 Church Street, New York, 13, N. Y.

The Black Hood

MAN of MYSTERY

TALE OF THE TERRIBLE TRUNK

HARRY SHORTEN-EDITOR

YUP, KIP! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO CATCH A CROOK!

...I KNOW, SARGE! WITH THE END OF A NIGHTSTICK! BUT BRAINS HELP TOO!

DAGNABBIT! WHERE DOES THAT LUNATIC THINK HE'S GOIN' ?

SCREECH

AFTER HIM, KIP! HE'S DRIVIN' LIKE A WILD-MAN!

E-E-E-E-E-E-

YEEOWW... JUST MISSED THAT TROLLEY CAR!

CLANG CLANG

THERE'S THE CAR, McGINTY!

AUCTION

WE'LL JUST WAIT FOR THAT SPEED DEMON.-I'LL THROW TH' BOOK AT HIM!

HE SURE WAS IN AN AWFUL HURRY TO GET TO THIS AUCTION STORE! WONDER WHY,?

HERE HE COMES NOW-

OKAY, WISE GUY. LET'S SEE YER LICENSE!

CERTAINLY OFFICER!

WILL YOU PLEASE GIVE ME MY SPEEDING TICKET AND LET ME GO! I'M IN A GREAT HURRY, SERGEANT!

YEAH! MOVE ASIDE, FATTY. THIS TRUNK AIN'T NO FEATHER!

DROP THAT TRUNK LOUD MOUTH. I GOT PLENTY TO TELL THIS GUY!

OWW!

OKAY BY US!

MY CORN! YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE YOU!!6*6

JUST LET ME GET MY HANDS ON YOU! I'LL TEAR YOU LIMB FROM LIMB!

HERE! LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND WITH THAT TRUNK!

THANKS, OFFICER. I ASSURE YOU I'LL DRIVE A LOT MORE CAREFULLY GOING BACK!

FRANK PRIESTLY, THE MILLIONAIRE, RISKING HIS NECK JUST FOR AN OLD TRUNK AT AN AUCTION! I DON'T GET IT!

I FIXED THOSE GORILLAS! WHERE'S THE SPEED DEMON?

I GAVE HIM THE TICKET, SARGE, AND HE LEFT!

SAY! HOW'D YOU CUT YOUR HAND, KID?

I DIDN'T KNOW I DID!

HEY! I'VE GOT NO CUT ON MY HAND! WHERE'D THIS BLOOD COME FROM, THEN?

HOLY COW! MAYBE...

MAYBE WHAT, KID?

AUCTION

I WANT TO ASK THAT AUCTIONEER A FEW QUESTIONS, SARGE!

SAY! WHAT'S GOT INTO YE!

I'M VERY CURIOUS ABOUT THAT TRUNK FRANK PRIESTLY BOUGHT!

OHO! SO THE DETECTIVE BUG'S BIT YOU AGAIN! BOY, YOU'RE THE LIMIT!

YOU'RE THE AUCTIONEER WHO SOLD A TRUNK TO MR. PRIESTLY, AREN'T YOU?

SURE! SO WHAT?

WHO DID THAT TRUNK BELONG TO? AND WHAT WAS IN IT?

IT BELONGED TO A MR. JOHN BAILEY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT WAS IN IT 'CAUSE PRIESTLY INSISTED ON BUYIN' IT CONTENTS UNSEEN!

AND WHO AM I TO ARGUE WITH A GUY WHO'S CRAZY ENOUGH TO BID $6000 FOR AN OLD CRUMMY TRUNK!

$5000 FOR THAT TRUNK! HMM.. QUEER, HUH SARGE!

SO WHAT! IF YE WENT AROUND ARRESTIN' EVERY BODY WHO ACTED QUEER, THERE WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH JAILS!

KIP! YE CAN'T MAKE PRIESTLY SHOW YE HIS TRUNK WITHOUT A SEARCH WARRANT!

I KNOW THAT SARGE. BUT MAYBE PRIESTLY DOESN'T!

WELL, GOOD EVENING GENTLEMEN!

HELLO, MR. PRIESTLY!

THAT TRUNK YOU BOUGHT AT THE AUCTIONEERS! WE WANT TO SEE WHAT'S IN IT!

THAT'S A STRANGE REQUEST! I DON'T HAVE TO SHOW IT TO YOU, YOU KNOW!

BUT I SEE NO HARM IN IT. FOLLOW ME!

THERE IT IS! HELP YOURSELF!

NOTHING BUT A LOT OF JUNK!

OF COURSE! WHAT DID YOU THINK!

NOW ARE YOU SATISFIED, SMART GUY!

I'LL BE..

THEN HOW DID I GET THIS BLOOD ON MY HAND?

OH THAT! I CUT MYSELF LIFTING THAT TRUNK. THEN WHEN I SHOOK YOUR HAND, I MUST HAVE SMEARED YOU WITH MY BLOOD!

MEANWHILE, KIP BURLAND DOES A STRANGE THING. STEALTHILY REMOVING THE BADGE HE OPENS THE CLASP, MOVES UP TO PRIESTLY AND JABS THE POINT INTO THE LATTER'S HAND...

OUCH!

SOMETHING WRONG?

MAYBE IT'S YOUR STORY YOU GOT **STUCK WITH!** HA, HA, WELL, SO LONG!

I COULD BE WRONG, I GUESS! S'LONG SARGE! SEE YOU LATER!

NOW ARE YOU SATISFIED, WISE GUY?

HIYA DOC! FIND ANY CROOKS UNDER YOUR MICROSCOPE TODAY?

HELLO, KIP! WHAT'S UP, NOW? YOU GIVE ME MORE WORK THAN THE REST OF THE FORCE PUT TOGETHER!

P.D LABORA

JUST AS I THOUGHT! THANKS, DOC!

I WANT YOU TO CHECK THE BLOOD ON MY HAND AND ON THE POINT OF THIS PIN!

SEE IF THEY'RE THE SAME TYPE, EH?

THAT'S THE IDEA!

NO KIP! ONE IS ZERO TYPE! THE OTHER IS NUMBER 4!

OUTSIDE

I THINK IT'S TIME FOR THE **BLACK HOOD** TO PAY MR PRIESTLY A VISIT!

AT THAT MOMENT IN PRIESTLY'S CELLAR, A PECULIAR SCENE IS BEING ENACTED..

AH! HERE'S THE CORPSE!

NOW TO DESTROY THE BODY COMPLETELY AND I'M IN THE CLEAR!

ONLY ONE THING STOPPING YOU, PRIESTLY— THE **BLACK HOOD!**

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, HOOD!

MEDDLER! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FOUND OUT! BUT YOU WON'T TALK!

OOF!

SORRY, I'M ALLERGIC TO BEING MURDERED!

UGH.. STAND STILL, CURSE YOU!

MISSED AGAIN!

NOW IT'S MY TURN TO PITCH!

PRETTY TRICKY, PRIESTLY!! BUT YOU'VE PLAYED YOUR LAST TRICK!

I'VE STILL GOT ONE MORE, AND HERE IT IS!

KRUMM

I'LL KEEP YOU OUT OF MY WAY, HOOD...

...UNTIL I DISPOSE OF THE OTHER BODY. THEN I'LL ATTEND TO YOU!

BUT BEFORE THE AVALANCHE OF COAL HURTLES FROM THE CHUTE, THE HOOD ROLLS DEXTEROUSLY TO ONE SIDE AND...

OOF!

PRIESTLY, HIMSELF IS TOPPLED IN THE PATH OF THE BLACK FLOOD!

HELP! UGH!

KIP BURLAND! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN GALLIVANTIN' AROUND?

I HOPE I WAS ABLE TO CLOSE UP THAT CHUTE IN TIME!

LATER

HIYA, SARGE! I BROUGHT YOU COMPANY!

OUR OLD FRIEND MR. PRIESTLY! REMEMBER HIM!

OWooo! ARE YOU STILL AFTER HIM FER SOME CRIME YOU DREAMED UP!

WELL, HERE'S A DREAM THAT'S GOING TO DO SOME TALKING SARGE! GIVE!

ALL RIGHT! THE GAME'S UP ANYHOW! IT ALL STARTED YESTERDAY IN MY-EX-PARTNER, MR. BAILEY'S HOUSE! WE WERE QUARRELING VIOLENTLY....

YOU SWINDLED ME OUT OF MY SHARE IN THE BUSINESS, PRIESTLY, AND I'M GOING TO THE POLICE ABOUT IT! I'VE GOT ENOUGH PROOF TO HANG YOU!

BAILEY, YOU'RE A STUPID FOOL! I ONLY TOOK YOU IN AS A PARTNER BECAUSE I NEEDED YOUR MONEY!

BUT NOW THE BUSINESS IS ALL MINE AND IT'S GOING TO **STAY THAT WAY!**

PRIESTLY! DON'T.... UGH!

WHAM

"I HIT HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN. WHEN I WAS SURE HE WAS DEAD, I DECIDED TO RIFLE THROUGH HIS ROOM AND MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A BURGLARY.

THEN I HEARD FOOTSTEPS. I BECAME PANICY . I LOOKED FOR A PLACE TO HIDE THE BODY. I SIGHTED BAILEY'S TRUNK..."

I FIGURED I'D COME BACK WHEN THE COAST WAS CLEAR AND REMOVE THE TRUNK. BUT THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENED! BAILEY WAS BANKRUPT—AND HIS BELONGINGS WERE TAKEN AWAY TO BE AUCTIONED THE VERY NEXT DAY!

THAT'S THAT, SARGE.. ER.. WHAT WAS THAT YOU WERE SAYING ABOUT MY **DUMB** DETECTIVE THEORIES!

HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE

THE BLACK HOOD PUZZLE PAGE

JOE CLAPP.. NIGHT CLUB SINGER.. WAS MURDERED AT THE MICROPHONE.. ELECTROCUTED!! THIS IS A PHOTO TAKEN A MOMENT BEFORE CLAPP WAS ELECTROCUTED!! THE MAN ON THE LEFT IS BRONSON.. PART OWNER OF THE CLUB.. HE WAS BEING BLACKMAILED BY CLAPP... THE MAN ON THE RIGHT IS AL CLAPP... JOE'S BROTHER... JOE MARRIED AL'S FIANCEE AND THEY HAVE NEVER SPOKEN TO EACH OTHER SINCE... THE POLICE ARE HOLDING THEM BOTH ON SUSPICION.. WHO IS THE MURDERER ? ? ?

THE BLACK HOOD KNOWS!!! DO YOU ? ? ? JUST HOLD THIS PAGE BEFORE A MIRROR AND KNOW THE MURDERER!

JOE CLAPP WAS ELECTROCUTED BY AN ELECTRIC CURRENT WHICH AL CLAPP HAD RIGGED UP BY AN EXTRA WIRE LEADING TO THE WALL PLUG NEXT TO HIS TABLE... WITH THE BLACK HOOD'S AID THE POLICE CONVICTED BOTH PARTNERS OF CONSPIRING TO MURDER JOE CLAPP BECAUSE HE WAS TAKING OVER OWNERSHIP OF THE NIGHT CLUB THROUGH MONEY HE HAD LENT THEM AND WHICH THEY COULDN'T REPAY !!

The BLACK HOOD

(MAN of MYSTERY)

WHAT ARE CROOKS LIKE? THEY'RE EASY TO DESCRIBE... TOUGH AND VILLAINOUS AND LOW-BROWED... NO REGARD FOR THE FINER THINGS OF LIFE! BUT THE **CRIME BARON** WAS DIFFERENT! SOFTSPOKEN, GENTLE, CHIVALROUS WERE THE WORDS TO DESCRIBE HIM. BUT THE **BLACK HOOD** NEEDED MORE THAN WORDS TO MEET THE MENACE OF THE EXTRAORDINARY CRIMINAL WHO BECAME KNOWN, NOT WITHOUT JUSTICE, AS "**THE NOBLEMAN OF CRIME!**

By Cleim Ton

OVERLOOKING A WIDE AND PEACEFUL COUNTRYSIDE IS THE PALATIAL ESTATE OF THE REFUGEE BARON HERVITZ, AN EXILE FROM HIS MOTHER COUNTRY-

AND HERE OUR STORY BEGINS-

YOU CAN'T PAY THE MORTGAGE! SO THE BANK WILL TAKE POSSESSION OF YOUR ESTATE!

ONLY THIS HOUSE REMAINS OF MY FORTUNE! I WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO KEEP IT!

YOU HAVE ONE WEEK TO RAISE THE MONEY! I WISH YOU LUCK!

ONE WEEK! I COULD NOT RAISE THE MONEY IN A YEAR! WHAT SHALL I DO?

DAILY STAR

BANDITS ESCAP WITH $50,000 IN DARING R

EVEN BANDITS MAKE MORE MONEY THAN I DO THESE DAYS!

HMM! A LIFE OF CRIME IS NO WORSE THAN POVERTY! MY ANCESTORS COLLECTED TRIBUTE FROM THE PEOPLE! IN MY OWN WAY, WHY CAN'T I DO THE SAME?

IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS, A STRANGE GROUP OF MEN FIND A HOME AT BARON HERVITZ' CASTLE-

NOW BEFORE WE PROCEED FURTHER, WE MUST FIND A SUITABLE TITLE FOR YOU!

I ALMOST GOT A TITLE ONCE'T! ONLY JOE LOUIS HIT ME WIT' A RIGHT HAND AND....

I DON'T MEAN THAT KIND OF A TITLE! NATURALLY A MAN OF MY SOCIAL POSITION MUST HAVE FRIENDS OF AN EQUAL STATION IN LIFE! ... SO YOU WILL BECOME NOBLEMEN!

HENCEFORTH, YOU SHALL BE KNOWN AS THE DUKE OF FELONEE!

GEE, T'ANKS! YOU'RE AWFUL GOOD TO ME!

AND YOU WILL BE THE COUNT OF KLEPTOMANIA!

GOSH! ME MOTHER WOULDA BEEN PROUD O' ME!

THE EDUCATION OF "CRIME BARON'S" NOBLEMEN BEGAN AT ONCE!

NO! NO! YOU SHOULD NEVER BE HEARD EATING SOUP!

OKAY, BARON!.. BUT HOW'LL DEY KNOW I'M ENJOYIN' MESELF?

SLUP SLUP

CORRECT! YOU SHOULD BOW FROM THE WAIST AND KISS A LADY'S HAND!

IF I DONE THIS TO MAMIE, SHE'L CROWN ME WIT' A BRICK!

CLOTHES (ON CREDIT, OF COURSE) ARE A PART OF EVERY NOBLEMAN'S WARDROBE....

BE CERTAIN THAT MY FRIEND, THE DUKE, GETS EVERYTHING HE WANTS!

BUT OF COURSE, MONSIEUR LE BARON!

WHILE OUTSIDE, A PUZZLED KIP BURLAND WATCHES—

OTHES

I COULD SWEAR THAT WAS MUGGER MALONE IN THERE! WHAT'S HE DOING IN A SWANK STORE LIKE THIS?

AFTER MUGGER MALONE DEPARTS, KIP BURLAND MAKES INQUIRIES—

YOU ARE MISTAKEN! THAT MAN WAS THE DUKE OF FELONEE! HE IS A PERSONAL FRIEND OF BARON HERVITZ!

YOU DON'T SAY!

I'D STAKE MY LIFE HE WAS MUGGER MALONE! THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY ABOUT THIS! I'D BETTER LOOK INTO IT!

BUT THAT NIGHT THE CRIME BARON STRIKES!

I APOLOGIZE FOR THIS INTRUSION! WE HAVE COME FOR YOUR NECKLACE!

OHH! .... JERVIS, CALL THE POLICE!

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

SURE! FIRST I WRAP UP DIS BLACKJACK IN SILK, SO'S NOT TO CAUSE ANY UGLY LOOKIN' MARKS!

THEN I GIVES IT TO HIM! ONLY IT AIN'T CRUDE AND COMMON DIS WAY! DIS IS GOOD MANNERS!

A MOMENT LATER

I'VE GOT THE NECKLACE!

HEY, BARON! DE DAME FAINTED!

WHAT'LL WE DO?

THE FIRST CODE OF A NOBLEMAN IS CHIVALRY! BRING ME SOME SMELLING SALTS!

W-WHERE AM I?

SAFE IN YOUR OWN HOME! I AM TRULY SORRY TO HAVE CAUSED YOU THIS INCONVENIENCE!

THIS GAG IS MADE OF VELVET AND WILL NOT BRUISE YOUR MOUTH!

DESE ROPES ARE VELVET TOO! NOTHIN' BUT THE BEST FOR WOMEN! DAT'S OUR MOTTO!

AU REVOIR, MADAME! I SHALL CALL THE POLICE AS SOON AS WE ARE SAFELY AWAY! THEY WILL RELEASE YOU!

BOY! DIS CHIVALRY ANGLE PAYS OFF BIG, EH BARON?

NATURALLY! A NOBLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL IS WELCOME IN OUR BEST HOMES- SO HE CAN LEARN THEIR MOST VALUABLE ..ER... SECRETS!

BUT THE CRIME BARON DOES NOT GO UNSEEN—

NOW I'M SURE THAT'S MUGGER MALONE! WHO'S THE MAN WITH HIM?

BUT HE'S GOT THE RICHBILT NECKLACE!

HEY BARON! LOOK!

IT'S A COP! BEAT IT!

SWIFTLY THE GETAWAY CAR PULLS AWAY! SUDDENLY, SCREECHING BRAKES SLAM IT TO A VIOLENT STOP—

HEY, BARON! WHAT ARE WE STOPPIN' FOR?

SCREECH

MAY I HELP YOU, MADAM?

YOU'RE SO KIND!

WELL, I'LL BE! HE STOPPED TO HELP DAT OLD LADY ACROSS THE STREET!

THE DELAY GIVES KIP BURLAND A CHANCE TO CHANGE INTO THE BLACK HOOD! SPLIT SECONDS LATER—

WA?

HERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN SAVING!

OWWWWW! WHY SPEND IT ON ME?

AHA! A FLANK ATTACK!

BANG

BANG

THERE YOU GO! RUNNING INTO DOORS AGAIN!

NOW I'LL TROUBLE YOU FOR THAT NECKLACE!

TSK-TSK! SUCH CRUDE MANNERS!

SINCE YOU WANT IT, HERE IT IS!

SLAP

AND HERE'S SOMETHING TO GO WITH IT!

OOF!

I GOT HIM!

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM, BARON?

TAKE HIM WITH US! HE MUST PAY THE PENALTY FOR HAVING STRUCK A NOBLEMAN!

SOMETIME LATER, IN THE DUNGEON OF BARON HERVITZ CASTLE—

I HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR SURROUNDINGS. I ADMIT THIS IS NOT A VERY PLEASANT SPOT TO FACE ... DEATH!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?

PUNISH YOU! IN MY COUNTRY, A PEASANT WHO DISPLEASES HIS NOBLE MASTER IS EXECUTED!

YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR CRIMES ..ON THE GUIL-LOTINE!

THIS IS THE TRADITIONAL METHOD FOR DISPOSING OF ONE'S ENEMIES! I'M SORRY I CAN'T PROVIDE AN EXECUTIONER...

AS A NOBLEMAN, I CANNOT KILL YOU MYSELF! SO I HAVE BEEN FORCED TO MAKE OTHER ARRANGEMENTS!

WHEN THE CANDLE BURNS DOWN, THE FLAME WILL CUT THROUGH THE ROPE! AND THE BLADE WILL FALL!.... AN INGENIOUS DEVICE, ISN'T IT?

NOW MY FELLOW NOBLEMEN AND I HAVE ANOTHER APPOINTMENT! COLLECTING FUNDS FOR THE RELIEF OF MY SUFFERING COUNTRYMEN!.. I'M SURE YOU WILL EXCUSE US!

I CAN'T MOVE OUT OF THE WAY OF THAT BLADE! I'M TIED DOWN TOO TIGHTLY!

THAT ROPE WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER EITHER! I'VE GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE!

IF I CAN CATCH THAT ROPE JUST AS IT BREAKS, I MAY BE ABLE TO KEEP THE BLADE FROM DESCENDING TOO FAR!

SNAP

GOT IT!

NOW I CAN USE THE SHARP EDGE TO CUT THROUGH THESE ROPES!

JUST IN TIME!... WHEW! I'LL NEVER WANT A CLOSER SHAVE THAN THAT!

KLUNK

THE CRIME BARON SAID HE WAS COLLECTING FUNDS FOR HIS COUNTRYMEN! THE UNITED WAR FUND IS DONATING ITS RELIEF MONEY TONIGHT! THAT'S MORE THAN A COINCIDENCE!

I'VE GOT A BIT OF UNFINISHED BUSINESS WITH THE CRIME BARON!

AT THIS MOMENT, THE CRIME BARON DRINKS A TOAST WITH THE DELEGATES FROM HIS COUNTRY TO THE WAR FUND-

TO OUR HOME-LAND'S GLORIOUS FUTURE!

WE'LL DRINK TO THAT BARON!

WE DIDN'T EXPECT TO MEET YOU, BARON HERVITZ! YOU SEE...

I...I FEEL FUNNY....THAT WINE!....

I DRUGGED THAT WINE GENTLEMEN! YOU WILL SLEEP PLEASANTLY FOR A LITTLE WHILE!

DEFT FINGERS PERFORM A MIRACLE OF MAKEUP-

YOU'RE A GENIUS, BARON!

NO ONE WILL SEE THROUGH THIS DISGUISE!

NOW LET US GO TO THE BANQUET HALL!

I COULDN'T TELL YOU FROM THE REAL THING, BARON!

SO, A SHORT HALF HOUR LATER, THE "DELEGATES" ENTER THE BANQUET HALL-

THE DELEGATION FROM SYLVANIA!

WE ARE PROUD TO DONATE THIS MONEY TO YOUR VALOROUS PEOPLE! I KNOW THAT YOU WILL PUT IT TO GOOD USE!

AH, THANK YOU! I PROMISE YOU MY..ER ...PEOPLE WILL PUT IT TO **VERY** GOOD USE!

JEEZ! IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM!

COME ON! BEFORE THEY LEARN THE TRUTH!

NOBODY EVEN SUSPECTED US!

JUST BEFORE THE CRIME BARON DEPARTS...

I..I WONDER IF YOU WOULD MIND HAVING THIS DANCE WITH ME!

IT WOULD BE AN HONOR!

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DANCE WITH A REAL CELEBRITY!

THE CRIME BARON'S GONE CRAZY! WE OUGHTA LAM OUT OF HERE!

DON'T WORRY! NOTHING CAN HAPPEN!

OH, NO? DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

THE BLACK HOOD!

SORRY, BOYS, BUT I'M COMING THROUGH!

OOOOFF

I FEAR I HAVE OVERSTAYED MY LEAVE! FAREWELL, MY LADY! I WILL NEVER FORGET THIS DANCE!

?

YOU WON'T FORGET THIS WALLOP EITHER!

I'LL BET YOU WON'T!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

THESE MEN ARE FRAUDS! THEY ARE TRYING TO STEAL THE RELIEF MONEY BY MASQUERADING AS THE REAL SYLVANIAN DELEGATION!

NEXT DAY AT PRECINCT 71

THE CRIME BARON IS SAFELY BEHIND BARS, KIP! WE WON'T BE HEARING FROM HIM ANYMORE!

I WONDER? WE'D NEVER HAVE CAUGHT HIM IF HE HADN'T BEEN SUCH A CHIVALROUS CUSS!

SAY! YOU'RE RIGHT! NOW MAYBE IF WE COULD FIND OUT THE BLACK HOOD'S WEAKNESS, WE'D GET HIM BEHIND BARS TOO!

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, McGINTY!

END.

CRIME IS ALWAYS CARELESS

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by Roger Conway

AS PREYSING, Engineer for the Gottman Construction Works rose to his feet with a shrill s c r e a m, convulsively clutching at his throat, Kip Burland set his glass on the small end table beside the couch and sprang nimbly.

He caught Preysing before he'd fallen to the richly colored carpet.

"There's nothing that can be done," he announced after a short examination to the circle of guests who had risen and now stood horrified before the prone body. "He's dead."

Dr. Von Barheim, the prominent dentist, touched Burland on the shoulder as he knelt by the body.

"Heart?"

"I'm not the coroner," replied Kip acidly, "and if you mean simple heart failure, I'd say no."

"*Any* murder can be called *stoppage of breathing*," replied Von Barheim sarcastically.

"Poor Mr. Preysing," murmered Barbara. She was holding tightly to Mrs. Barlow their hostess who was trembling visibly.

"Why poor?" asked Kip. "As Chief Engineer . . ."

"I don't mean money. He's had so much sickness lately."

The inquest, held a few hours later, established a verdict of suicide, due to the recent background of illness experienced by the corpse.

"Suicides usually don't die without leaving notes," said Kip to Barbara as they left. "It's simply not human nature."

"I can see this isn't the end of the case," smiled Barbara.

Burland went over Preysing's papers the next day. One fact alone stood out from the others. Preysing had plunged heavily in the buying of industrial diamonds. Kip mused a while on this and whistled sharply as a subsequent fact made its appearance.

The office of Dr. Von Barheim was usually dark after nine o'clock at night as the wealthy doctor had short evening hours. At half past nine a window in the surgery was raised and a stealthy figure, hooded and cloaked emerged into t h e blackness, walked rapidly to a door connecting the surgery with the study and opened it noiselessly.

Sharp eyes saw Dr. Von Barheim rise from a deep chair, go to a wall safe and open it. Then across the space that separated the hooded figure and the d o c t o r floated a soft chuckle. Von Barheim lifted a large white box from the safe and opened it. He fished around in its interior, lifted out some small objects and looked at them fondly.

"Little weapons of victory. You are small, but soon your voices shall be heard in London, Moscow and New York."

"Good evening, *Herr* Von Barheim," the tall hidden figure flung back the door and stepped into the study. "For a murderer you have an easy conscience."

"The Black Hood!" gasped the doctor, his eyes narrowed. "Murderer? W h a t do you mean?"

"Not o n l y a murderer," grated the Hood, "but also an agent of Fascist Germany. An agent sent to secure industrial diamonds for the failing German war industries. You located Preysing, who was of German descent, blackmailed him into buying them for you, then invented a clever means of transporting the diamonds back to Germany. For a dentist it was easy—drilling out teeth, hiding the diamonds in them and sending *your* agents to Berlin, incalculable wealth in military might concealed in their teeth. Desperate measures, Herr Von Barheim, as desperate as Germany's cause. But Preysing tried to double-cross you. He wanted America to win. You knew he'd been ill for a long time. Suddenly changing your attitude you offered to fix his teeth, knowing that it was necessary to do away with him before he informed the FBI. You packed cyanide in one of his decayed molars and put in a filling loose enough to allow the poison to slowly escape without the filling falling out and thus betraying the method of murder. You thought you were clever, Von Barheim, but you were not clever. You were simply a stupid Nazi and forgot to destroy Preysing's papers. Even now the police are on their way here."

A siren wailed in the street far below.

With incredible swiftness the German whirled, dashed for the nearest window and crashed through it. A terrible scream split the air, then died away.

The Black Hood did not bother to look out the window. A fall of twenty stories will kill any man.

The police verified that.

THE MAN WITH THE CROOKED SMILE

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by GERALD KEAN

A RED-FACED man with a crooked smile crossed the street anxiously, every now and then looking cautiously behind him. But he was too intent upon his purpose to see the swiftly moving shadows behind him, shadows which camouflaged the identity of that nemesis of the night, THE BLACK HOOD. The man with the crooked smile rang the doorbell at Number 17 Hemo Street. After a moment he could hear the footsteps of a heavy person clad in carpet-slippers thumping nearer and nearer. Finally, a squeak as the door was unlatched . . . slowly it swung open.

"I'd like to rent a room," said the man to the fat housekeeper who stood in the doorway. "But it must be on the west side of the house . . . it must!"

"Follow me," was the reply. The woman waddled back into the darkness, her new boarder at her heels.

That night, the man with the crooked smile had visitors. They spoke in hushed whispers as they puffed at their cigarettes in a room thick with curling smoke.

"What's the angle, Smiley?"

The man with the crooked smile crushed the blue smoke out of his butt with a brown-stained thumb.

"We begin tonight, boys. I got everyt'ing we need in my suitcase. De bank vault is right against dis wall here. Inna coupla hours we oughta get right thru it. Swipe everyt'ing in sight, cement up de wall, and we got a whole week-end to make a getaway. I wanna be outa here by morning. I on'y paid for one night's rent!"

"Always jokin'," said one of the thugs, "what a character!"

Smiley's smile suddenly became a crossed look of warning.

"Shuddup, you mugs, and get busy!"

• • •

At the same moment the Chief of Police leaned his large feet on several steel boxes and surveyed the BLACK HOOD.

"If you're right, Hood, we'll be sitting in on the end of the craftiest safe-slicer in the states. But if you're wrong, it'll mean my job."

"Don't worry, Chief—in ten minutes my prophecy will be an actuality!"

Silently the pair waited, and soon a faint hammering was heard. Gradually the plaster began to chip off the wall, and minutes later the sharp edge of a chisel cut through the wall.

"Come on, mugs, an' hurry up," said Smiley, the first to step through the opening in the wall. Suddenly he froze in his tracks. "De Black Hood! How did he get here?" In the twisting of two seconds Smiley made up his mind and dove through the jagged hole. But the Black Hood was too quick for him. Like a bolt of lightning, the latter's massive body smashed after the criminal. Inside the room at Number 17, the mobsters crouched in fear behind the cool nerveless Smiley, nerveless because in his hands he held a powerful tommy-gun.

"I don't like visitors who aren't announced," he said icily. "Dat's why I got dis hardware pointed atcher chest."

The Black Hood sprung like an uncoiled cobra at the trigger man. Smiley let him have it. Bullets whizzed out of the gun imbedding themselves in the Black Hood's arms, his chest, his shoulders. But the Hood bit his lips till they bled to keep from collapsing under the pain. With powerful fists he bashed right and left until Smiley and his lieutenants were left whimpering on the floor.

Later, as his wounds were being dressed, reporters crowded round. Never before had they been able to interview the Black Hood. Not had he ever been wounded severely before. What a story it would make!

"How about giving us the low down, Hood . . . ?"

"The Chief of Police ought to take all the credit," said the Hood modestly. "I just happened to mention to him how extraordinary it was that a well-known criminal like Smiley, with lots of money, preferred to live in the business district next to a bank!"

A grin crossed the Black Hood's face, a grin quite unlike that of the man with the crooked smile.

ROY and DUSTY in BOY BUDDIES

GEE... YOU CAN'T SEE A THING IN THIS BLACKOUT... OOPS.. SORRY MA'M!

NOBODY CAN SEE US EITHER.. THAT'LL KEEP US OUT OF TROUBLE

Alex Toth

THERE'S A GOOD SHOW AT THE BIJOU.. WE'D BETTER HURRY IF WE WANT TO BEAT THE BLACKOUT

BIG SHOW

THAT FELLOW UP THERE HAD BETTER GET READY OR ELSE HE'LL FIND HIMSELF CAUGHT AT THE WINDOW WITH HIS LIGHTS ON!

YOU'VE GOT TO BE AFTER THOSE PEOPLE ALL THE TIME.. VERY CARELESS!

YOU SAID IT!

SUDDENLY...

HELP.P.P.

AAAEEEE

THAT WAS A SCREAM COMING FROM THAT HOUSE!

IT LOOKS LIKE THE BOY BUDDIES HAD BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!

A RAPID CHANGE. THEN:

THERE'S SOMEONE RUNNING OUT!

SNOOPERS, EH?

WHAT'S THE HURRY.. MISTER!

UGHH!

ACH! YOU MEDDLING FOOLS!

TAKE THAT!

BOF

NOW WHERE'S THE OTHER?

RIGHT BEHIND YOU.. DOPE!

OUCH!

WHERE WAS I ??

SUDDENLY..

YOU'D BETTER WORRY ABOUT WHERE YOU'RE GOING.. WHAT'S THAT?

EEEEEEE

WHEEEEE

HOW ARE YOU, ROY?

I'M OKAY! JUST STUNNED!

LET'S HAVE A LOOK IN HERE!

OH..JOHN! SOB SOB YOU'RE DEAD! DEAD!

I SUGGEST YOU LIE DOWN A BIT MADAM.. I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

NO..SOB I WANT TO BE NEAR JOHN!

MURDER! MIGHT AS WELL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO BEFORE THE POLICE COME!

W-WHO ARE YOU?

DON'T BE ALARMED MA'M.. WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU.. JUST TELL US EVERYTHING YOU KNOW!

MY HUSBAND WAS ON ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON WITH SECRET WAR PLANS.. HE HAD STEPPED IN HERE FOR HIS COAT.. AND WHEN HE DIDN'T COME OUT..I LOOKED IN AND SAW HIM..SOB...LIKE THIS...SOB!

WAS THERE ANYONE IN THIS HOUSE, BESIDES THE BUTLER, BEFORE THIS HAPPENED?

WELL.. THERE WAS AN OLD FRIEND OF MY HUSBAND.. PROF WOLF.. BUT HE WOULD NEVER DO A THING LIKE THIS.. THEY WERE CHILD-HOOD FRIENDS! H..HE LEFT EARLY TO AVOID THE BLACKOUT!

HOW ABOUT YOU?! WHERE WERE YOU AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER?

M-ME? WHY I WAS IN MY ROOM GET-TING READY FOR THE BLACKOUT!

HOW DO WE KNOW YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH?

WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO QUESTION ME? YOU'RE ONLY KIDS!

THE SIRENS HERALD THE END OF THE BLACKOUT...

DON'T WORRY MA'M WE'LL FIND YOUR HUSBAND'S MURDERER!

I LOOKED AT THE DEAD MAN'S WATCH.. IT STOP-PED AT 8 O'CLOCK.. RIGHT BEFORE THE BLACK-OUT

LET'S SEE WHAT PROF WOLF HAS TO SAY!

THAT'S HIS PLACE ACROSS THE STREET!

SAY.. THIS HOUSE LOOKS FAMILIAR FOR SOME REASON!

ROOM 402 THIS IS IT!

402

H..HELLO! WHO'S THERE?

DON'T BE ALARMED.. PROF WOLF!

I WOULD JUST LIKE TO KNOW WHERE YOU WERE AT THE TIME OF JOHN STARK'S MURDER!

MURDERED! JOHN DEAD!

HE WAS KILLED AT 8 O'CLOCK! YOU WERE AN OLD FRIEND OF HIS WEREN'T YOU?

JOHN MURDERED! HOW HORRIBLE! WHO DID IT?

I'LL HELP IN ANY WAY I CAN TO BRING THE FIEND TO JUSTICE! JOHN WAS MY FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE, SINCE OUR COLLEGE DAYS!

WELL WHOEVER DID THE KILLING DIDN'T ENTIRELY GET WHAT HE WAS AFTER, PROF. THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE PLANS IS STILL IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. STARK!

LATER AT THEIR APARTMENT...

WE SEEM TO BE UP AGAINST A STONE WALL.. WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

SAY! HOW ABOUT GETTING IN TOUCH WITH THE SHIELD? HE COULD CHECK ON THE BUTLER AND THE PROF. FOR US!

GOOD IDEA, ROY! HELLO SHIELD.. WE'VE GOT A CASE HERE AND WE'D LIKE SOME INFORMATION ON THESE FELLOWS... YEH.. SOON AS POSSIBLE!!

LATER

THAT'S THE SHIELD!

RING

YEH..I GOT IT.. THAT'S IT.. RIGHT.. ALL DOWN.. THANKS S'LONG!

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS.. DUSTY!

Charles Schmidt.. Butler. Former Amateur Boxer. Son of Naturalized German Parents.. No Bund Connections. Good references from N.Y. Employment Agency. Prof. Wolf.. Studied at Oxford Has received Global Prize for invention of secret gun, with bellows associate John Stark.. Just heard, were connected plotting hostile acts...

STUDIED AT OXFORD, EH. BUT MRS. STARK TOLD ME HER HUSBAND WENT TO YALE!

AND THE PROF. TOLD US THEY WERE CLASSMATES. REMEMBER?

RIGHT! WE'LL SEE WHO'S LYING, SOON!

THERE HE IS AT THE WINDOW!

BAM

PROF. WOLF! HOLY SMOKE! THIS GUY'S DEAD!

YES! HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR SOME TIME! YOU WOULD HAVE SEEN HIM. IN FACT, HAD YOU LOOKED INTO THE CLOSET BEFORE!

AM I SEEING THINGS? TWINS!... WHO ARE YOU?

I GET IT! YOU KILLED THE PROF. DISGUISED YOURSELF AS HIM, AND TRIED TO WORM THE PLANS OUT OF STARK.

PRECISELY! BUT THE FOOL WAS STUBBORN. I HAD TO KILL HIM TOO... AS I SHALL YOU TWO. FIRST THIS TEAR GAS!

SIS-H

LATER

AS SOON AS I GET THE REST OF THE PLANS, I SHALL RETURN TO FINISH YOU OFF. AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

THAT RAT ISN'T AS CLEVER AS HE THINKS! WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE A LOT QUICKER THAN HE FIGURED ON!

I SEE THE SAME THING YOU'RE LOOKING AT, ROY!

FIRST GET THIS POKER RED HOT!

AND THE REST IS OBVIOUS!

S-S-S-S

WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE HOUSE BEFORE HE DOES ANY HARM!

C'MON DOGS! GIDDAP!

THE MASQUERADE IS OVER MRS. STARK.. I KILLED YOUR HUSBAND.. NOW GIVE ME THE OTHER HALF OF THE PLANS I TOOK!

YOU TWO GET IN MY HAIR!

BAM

SOCK

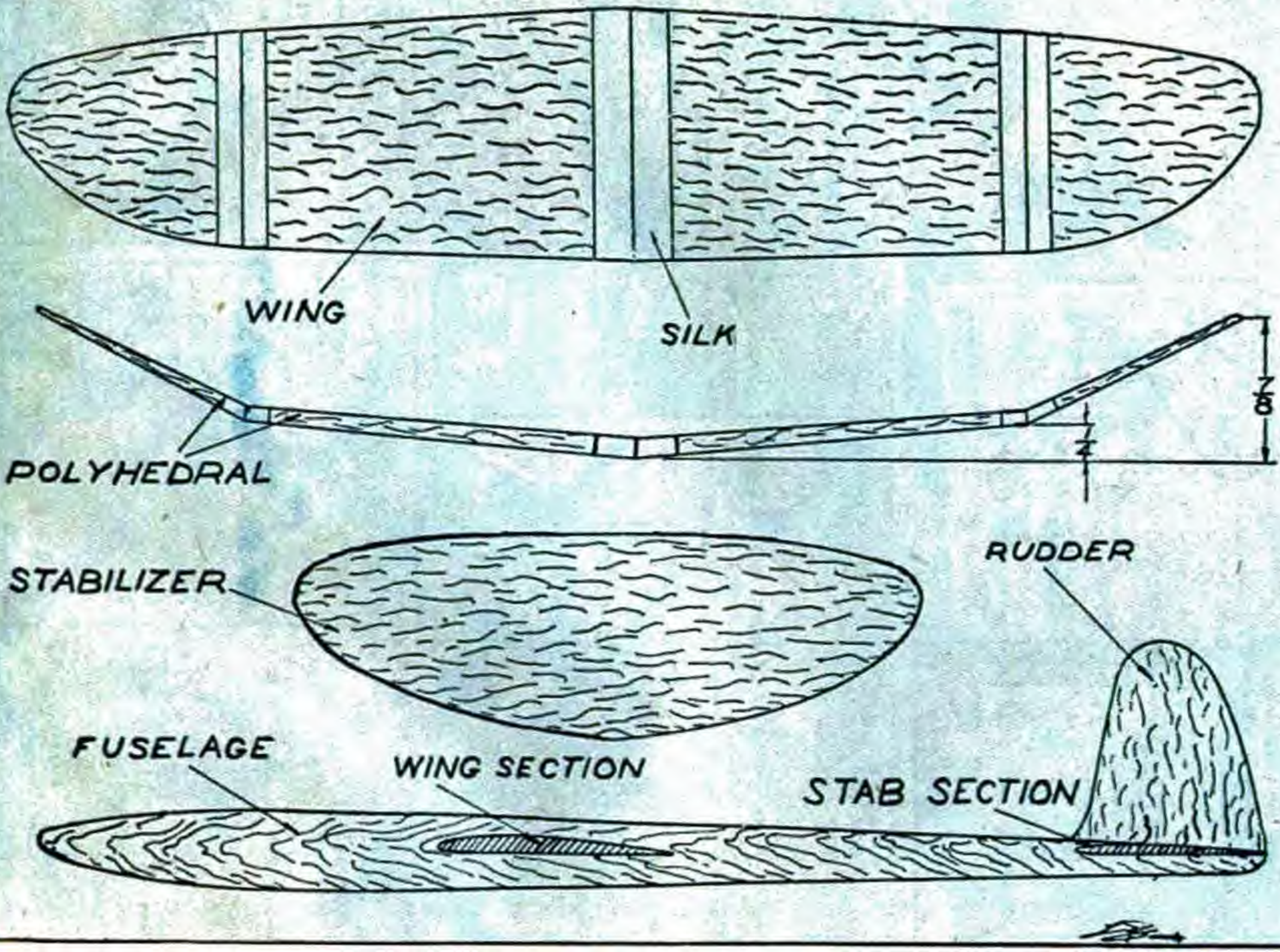
ARE YOU SURE THE HAIR IS YOURS? HANS BORCHARDT!

HANS BORCHARDT? SAY, WHO ARE YOU, MR. BUTLER?

I'M JOE JONES.. SECRET GOVT. OPERATIVE, IMPERSONATING THE REAL BUTLER.. I'VE BEEN WATCHING THIS PHONY! HE'S A NAZI SPY.. KILLED THE REAL PROF. WOLF! HE ALMOST SLIPPED THROUGH MY HANDS. BUT THANKS TO YOU LADS, HIS SPYING DAYS ARE OVER!

WELL, I GUESS IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE, ROY!

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT PICTURE WE WERE GOING TO SEE!


WING
SILK
POLYHEDRAL
7/8
1/4
RUDDER
STABILIZER
FUSELAGE
WING SECTION
STAB SECTION

INSTRUCTIONS

THE WING IS MADE OF SOFT 3/32" BALSA. TRACE THE OUTLINE FROM THE PLANS, SAND EACH PANEL TO AN ACCURATE RIB SECTION, COAT THE BUTT ENDS WITH CEMENT AND ALLOW TO DRY. THE POLHEDRAL CAN BE MOST EASILY CONSTRUCTED IF EACH JOINT IS DONE INDEPENDENTLY.

AFTER EACH PANEL IS CEMENTED TO THE ADJACENT ONE, FOUR ADDITIONAL COATS OF CEMENT ARE APPLIED WITH THE BRUSH! SILK IS THEN GLUED OVER EACH JOINT, INSURING STRENGTH AS SHOWN ON THE PLANS. BRUSHING THE CEMENT ON FORMS A SMOOTHER SKIN. FOR A SLICK FINISH, APPLY FOUR COATS OF CLEAR DOPE, SANDING AFTER EACH IS DRY, WITH SMOOTH SANDPAPER.

WARP IN A SLIGHT WASH-IN ON THE RIGHT WING, (INCREASE OF ANGLE OF ATTACK NEAR TIP) AND SLIGHT WASH-OUT ON LEFT WING. THE RIGHT WING IS SEEN IN LOOKING FORWARD TOWARD THE NOSE OF THE SHIP FROM THE REAR.

THE STABILIZER IS CUT FROM 1/16" SHEET AND FINISHED IN THE SAME MANNER AS THE WING AFTER THE VERY THIN AIRFOIL IS OBTAINED. USING 1/16" FLAT FOLLOW SAME PROCEDURE IN MAKING THE RUDDER AS WAS USED IN MAKING THE STABILIZER. THE FUSELAGE IS MADE FROM 1/8" FLAT PINE. SHAPE FUSELAGE AS SHOWN ON THE PLANS AND SAND TO FAMILIAR CROSS SECTIONS. NOTE THE SLOT IN THE FUSELAGE TO HOUSE THE WING. SAND THE FUSELAGE WELL AND REPEAT THE FINISHING PROCEDURE.

CEMENT WING AND STABILIZER TO THE FUSELAGE AS SHOWN ON THE PLANS. CHECK PERFECT ALIGNMENT! CEMENT THE RUDDER IN PLACE AND SET IT FOR A SLIGHT RIGHT TURN. THE WASH-IN OF THE RIGHT WING WILL PREVENT THE SHIP FROM BANKING TOO STEEPLY. APPLY FOUR COATS OF CEMENT OVER THE WING-FUSELAGE JOINT.

THE GLIDER IS THROWN INTO A SLIGHT RIGHT BANK AND GLIDES TO THE RIGHT. PULL OUT IS AUTOMATIC AND BECAUSE BOTH CLIMB AND GLIDE IS TO THE RIGHT NO ALTITUDE IS LOST. IN TESTING THE GLIDER, MAKE A FEW HORIZONTAL THROWS, GRADUALLY INCREASING THE SPEED. THROW YOUR SHIP INTO THE WIND AND START RUNNING DOWNWIND.

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The BLACK HOOD

IN

POGO'S LAST TRICK

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M POGO THE CLOWN!
I'VE JUST FIGURED OUT A NEW TRICK TO AMUSE YOU!
IT'S A VERY, VERY FUNNY TRICK!
SO FUNNY, IN FACT IT KILLED ME!
BY CLOWN

OUR STORY OPENS IN ONE OF THE DRESSING ROOMS ON THE CIRCUS VISITING NORTHVILLE...

HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT, McGINTY!

YEAH, KID! STABBED IN THE BACK!

YOU'RE THE OWNER OF THIS CIRCUS, KNOW ANYBODY WHO DIDN'T LIKE POGO?

WELL, I HATE TO SAY THIS SERGEANT!

-BUT THAT KNIFE BELONGS TO **STILETTO**, OUR KNIFE-THROWING ARTIST!

STILETTO HATED POGO- AND MADE NO BONES ABOUT IT! IN FACT JUST TONIGHT, POGO NEARLY RUINED STILETTO'S ACT BY ACCIDENT!

"POGO CAME BOUNCING OUT ON HIS POGO STICK IN HIS USUAL ACT!"

"-THEN HE BOUNCED OVER THE ELEPHANT LIKE HE ALWAYS DOES"

HOORAY FOR POGO

HA HA

"-AND HEADED FOR THE TANK WHENEVER HE LANDED IN THE WATER, HE ALWAYS BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN"

"BUT HE MUST HAVE MISJUDGED THIS TIME. HE SAILED RIGHT OVER THE TANK..."

"...AND SLAMMED INTO STILETTO, WHO WAS DOING HIS KNIFE THROWING ACT JUST THEN."

"...STILETTO WENT NUTS AND KAYOED POGO."

"THE CROWD THOUGHT IT WAS A NEW ACT AND WENT WILD."

HOORAY

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

HA

BUT I STILL CAN'T SEE WHY STILETTO'D WANT TO DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS?

AND YOU SAY YOU HAD TO BREAK THE LOCK TO GET IN HERE, MR. LUKE?

YEAH! IT WUZ LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE!

THAT TRANSOM IS THE ONLY OPENING IN THIS ROOM, SARGE!

THAT MEANS THE KNIFE **HAD** TO COME THROUGH THERE!

AN' STRETTO'S ROOM IS ON THE OTHER SIDE! OKAY. GET 'IM, MOVAHAN!

RIGHT, SARGE!

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS THAT'S STILL SCREWY, SARGE!

CUT IT OUT, WILL YA KID? IT'S AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE AGAINST STILETTO!

IT'S A FRAME-UP! I DIDN'T KILL POGO!

OH, NO! WHY DID YOU HATE HIM?

THAT'S MY BUSINESS!

IS THAT YOUR KNIFE, STILETTO?

SURE! BUT SOMEBODY STOLE IT FROM ME!

NO HARM IN CHECKING ON THAT, SARGE.

A LIKELY STORY!

...BY THE VERY SIMPLE FINGERPRINT TEST. PRESS HERE, STILETTO.

...NOW DOWN ON THIS SHEET OF PAPER. THERE THAT DOES IT!

NOW, I'LL JUST SPRINKLE SOME FINGER-PRINT POWDER ON THE KNIFE...

THEY'RE THE SAME, SARGE, AND NO OTHER PRINTS ON IT!

THAT CLINCHES IT! STILETTO, I ARREST YOU FOR THE MURDER OF POGO THE CLOWN!

SAY, I JUST NOTICED SOMETHING ELSE, SARGE!

YOU'RE NOT HANGING THIS RAP ON ME!

HEY, PUT THAT KNIFE DOWN!

SNAP

@!*&☆ HE CUT MY SUSPENDERS. GET 'IM, MEN!

STILETTO! STOP!

MONAHAN! YOU TAKE THAT SIDE! I'LL LOOK FOR HIM HERE!

RIGHT, BURLAND! HE CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN VERY FAR!

KIP BURLAND SHEDS HIS UNIFORM TO BECOME..

THE BLACK HOOD NOW GOES TO WORK!

WHAT'S THAT! I THOUGHT I SAW A FIGURE DODGE BEHIND THAT TENT?

SUDDENLY..

ZING

HOLY SMOKES! STILETTO'S GOT ME CORNERED!

ZING ZING ZING ZING ZING

SO YOU'RE AFTER ME TOO, BLACK HOOD. WELL, UNLESS YOU LISTEN TO ME, I'LL PUT A KNIFE THROUGH YOUR HEART!

OOMPH!

VERY HANDY THROWING, STILETTO!

..BUT I CAN DO SOME THROWING MYSELF!

POW

OOF!

POW

LION

ONCE AGAIN, STILETTO FLIPS A MURDEROUS BLADE! BUT THE HOOD DUCKS AND THE KNIFE WHIZZES INTO THE LION CAGE!

R-ROAR

YEEOOWRRR

YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET, HOOD!

NOW I'LL FIX YOU!

OUT LIKE A LIGHT! WHEW, HE SURE DID PUT UP A FIGHT!

NOW TO GET BACK INTO MY COP'S UNIFORM AND GET HIM BACK TO McGINTY!

GREAT BALLS OF FIRE! THE LION'S BROKEN OUT OF IT'S CAGE!

ROAR

SNARLING WITH PAIN AND FURY BECAUSE OF THE KNIFE IN HIS PAW, THE LION HURTLES AT THE HOOD-A ROARING AVALANCHE OF DESTRUCTION!

UGH.. CAN'T HOLD HIM OFF.. MUCH... LONGER!

ZING

ZING

ZING

WHEW! YOU SAVED MY SKIN THAT TIME, STILETTO!

YES! I'M A FOOL, I SUPPOSE! BUT... BUT... I'M THROUGH RUNNING AWAY. I'M GOING TO GIVE MYSELF UP!

YOU NEVER DID A SMARTER THING IN YOUR LIFE, STILETTO. PATROLMAN KIP BURLAND HAS QUITE A SURPRISE FOR YOU AND SERGEANT McGINTY!

OH, OH, HERE COMES MONAHAN! TIME FOR THE HOOD TO RETIRE!

A SHORT WHILE LATER

OH THERE YE ARE, KID! MONAHAN CAUGHT THE KILLER!

YOU MEAN HE CAUGHT **STILETTO** DON'T YOU SARGE!

THAT'S WHAT I SAID- STILETTO, THE MURDERER!

I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO SHATTER YOUR BEAUTIFUL OPEN AND SHUT CASE, SARGE...

...BUT **STILETTO DID NOT KILL POGO**, THE CLOWN!

WHAT!

THAT'S RIGHT! I WAS ABOUT TO TELL YOU WHAT I'D DISCOVERED WHEN STILETTO MADE A BREAK!

IF YOU'LL FETCH ME A DUMMY, MR. LUKE, I'LL SHOW YOU WHO KILLED POGO!

SURE, PATROLMAN BURLAND! BUT I DON'T SEE WHO ELSE COULDA DONE IT!

KIP! WHAT KINDA HORSE PLAY IS THIS?

YOU'LL SEE, SARGE. FIRST I'LL PUT THIS DUMMY WHERE POGO MUST HAVE STOOD BEFORE HE DIED!

NEXT, I WANT STILETTO TO GO INTO THE NEXT ROOM AND THROW THE KNIFE THROUGH THE TRANSOM!

THUD

NICE THROW! JUST WHERE POGO GOT THE KNIFE!

BUT NOTICE THAT THE KNIFE ENTERS THE BACK **SLANTING DOWNWARD** WHEN FLUNG THROUGH THE TRANSOM!

YET THE KNIFE ENTERED POGO'S BACK **IN A STRAIGHT LINE** - AN OBVIOUS IMPOSSIBILITY IF STILETTO THREW IT THROUGH THE TRANSOM!

I ALSO DISCOVERED THAT POGO HATED STILETTO BECAUSE THEY WERE BOTH IN LOVE WITH THE SAME WOMAN!

BUT WHO DID KILL POGO, THEN? IT WUZ STILETTO'S KNIFE, AND...

SURE! THE KNIFE POGO STOLE WHEN HE "ACCIDENTALLY" FELL ON STILETTO DURING HIS ACT... **POGO KILLED HIMSELF,** SARGE!

THERE'S THE NOTCH HE CUT INTO THE WALL TO HOLD THE KNIFE IN PLACE WHILE HE FELL AGAINST IT!

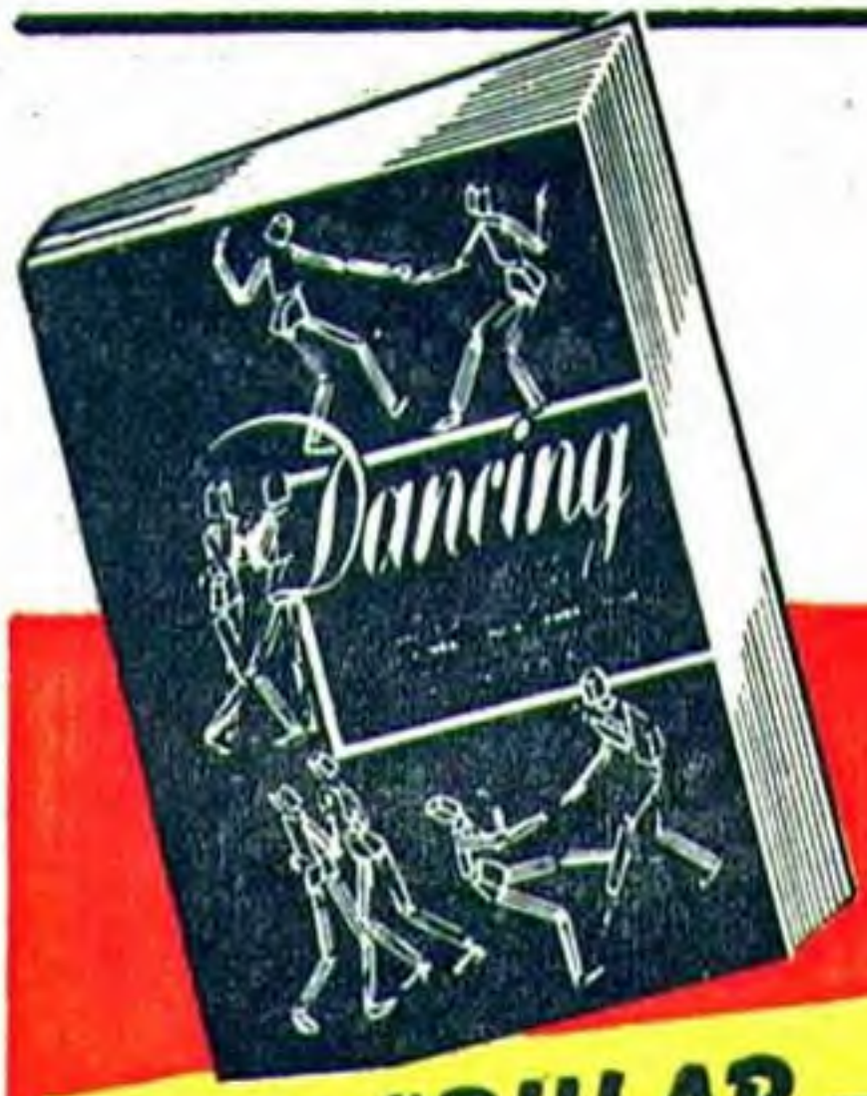
POGO LIVED LIKE A CLOWN - AND DECIDED TO DIE LIKE ONE. HE FIGURED ON TAKING HIS **HATED RIVAL** WITH HIM IN HIS OWN INIMITABLE WAY - **AND ALMOST DID!**

HELLO, FOLKS! HERE I AM AGAIN - YOUR OLD FRIEND **POGO!**

CAN'T HANG AROUND ANY LONGER. I'M QUITE DEAD YOU KNOW!

GUESS THE **LAST LAUGH WAS ON ME** AFTER ALL! SO LONG EVERY BODY!

END. 10



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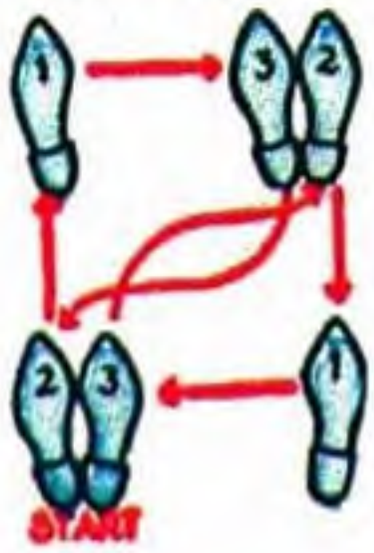

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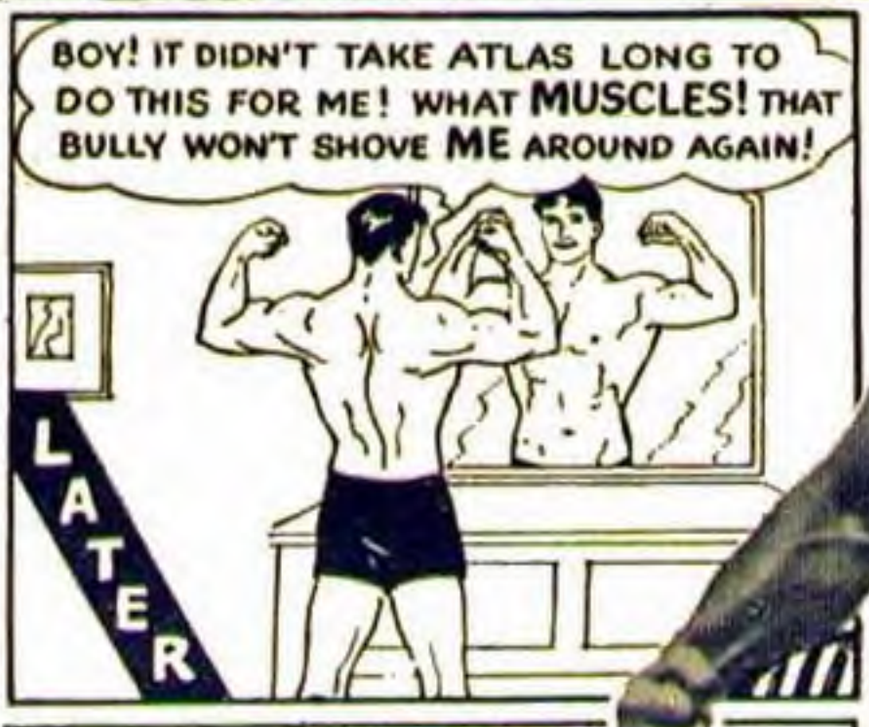

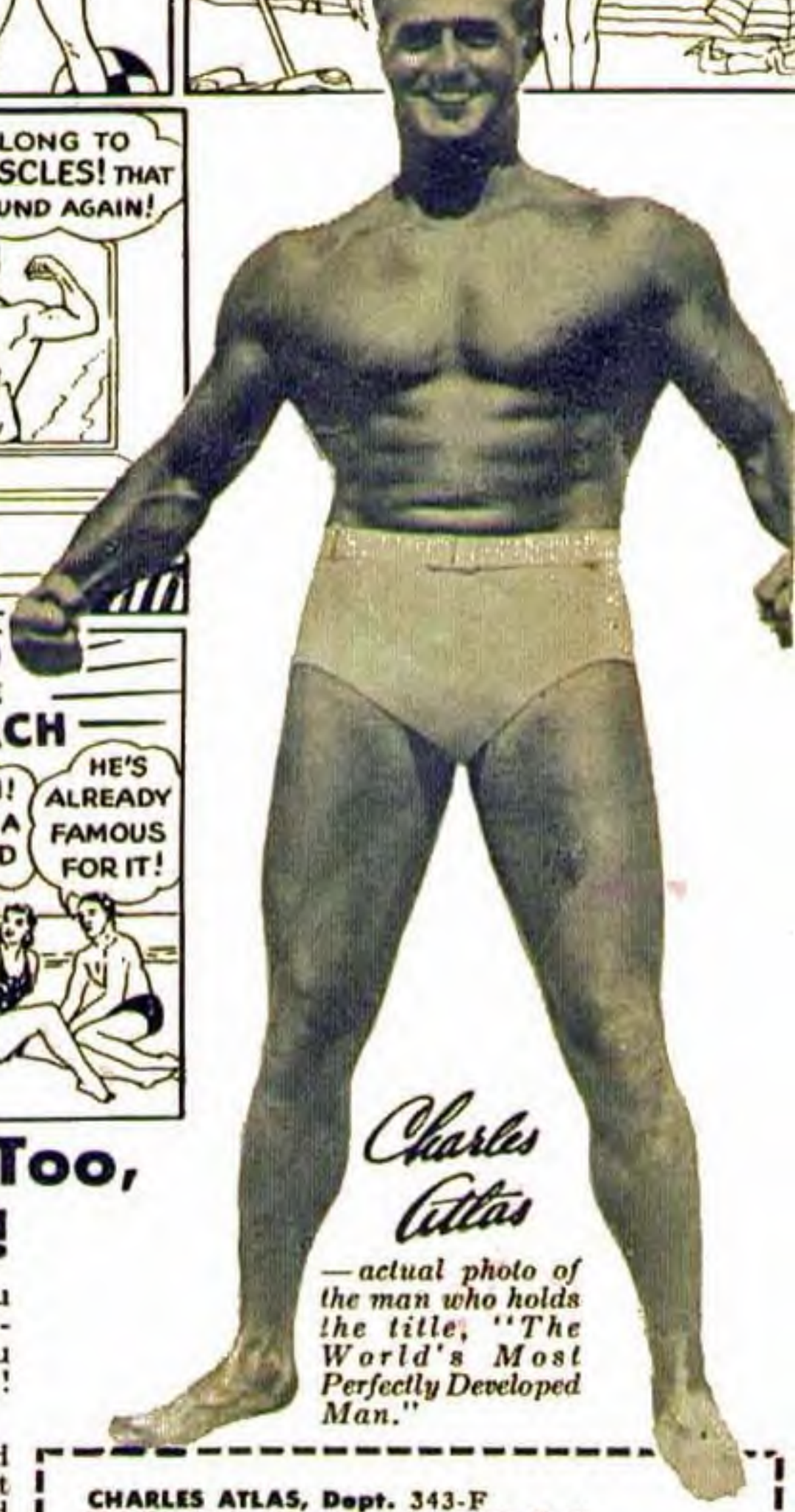

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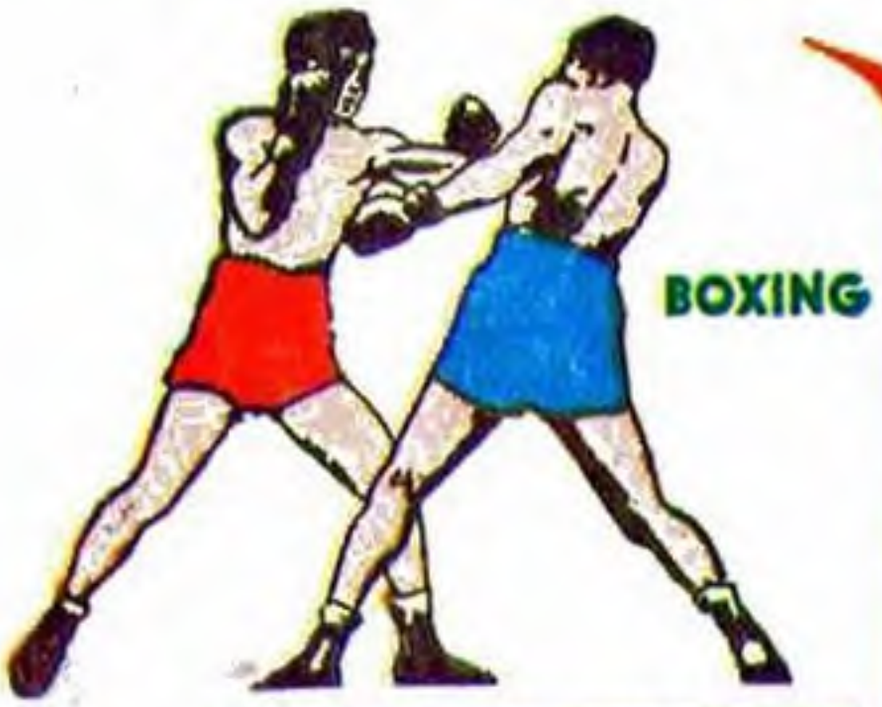

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